

# This Will Take Even Longer

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Summary: Sequel to This May Take A While, please read that before this. When Foxy's grave is robbed, and a letter is left, what adventure will this piece of parchment send our little team on? OC's welcome, please give me feedback whenever possible.

## 1. Dead Man's Bed

**\*\*Hello, and welcome, I am glad to say, to the sequel to This May Take A While! I am glad to be back and I have taken a necessary break, and am ready to get to it. So full steam ahead. FYI, the story starts about 2 years after Foxy's "death", but that will be shown, but incase you were unsure. Well, let's get to it. Please review, or PM me with some feedback, anything is helpful and appreciated. Also, the geography of the world this story takes place in is a little under fleshed-out, so more on that after the chapter. Incase it wasn't obvious, this is the second story, so if you want to read this one, please read This May Take A While first.\*\***

A crackle of thunder ripped through the soft pitter patter of rain on the soft dirt of the cemetery. The hour was late, near 1 in the morning, and the silence of the night was only disturbed by the sound of a shovel blade burying itself into the muddy dirt. Lightning illuminated the face of the beast digging around the graves, a red fox, whose crimson fur, and piercing golden eyes only made him look more sinister. After hours of digging, his shovel's mud splattered face hit wood, and a sinister grin grew on his face.

The years after Foxy's death had been a hard one. Nobody had the drive anymore, though Bonnie, Mangle, and Chica stayed in contact, they saw little of each other. Bonnie and Chica moved out of quaint Emerald Town, and moved to Boston, a bustling human town to the east. Bonnie and Chica opened up a little restaurant there, called 'Mother Cluckers', which due to the pure exoticness of it being robot owned and operated, it attracted lots of customers, of human and mechanical nature. Chica, a natural cook was the head chef, while Bonnie handled the finances and numbers of the place, and due to the small staff,

was also a waiter. The two prided themselves on building the company all on their own. Every month, as a way to honor Foxy's final wishes, Bonnie and Chica sent 7% of their earnings to Mangle and Elliot, way back in Emerald Town in the southwest.

Things for Mangle and Elliot were... rough. They were hit the hardest when Foxy moved on, and it took a while for Mangle to come to terms with it. She spent many a night crying in bed after she tucked Elliot to sleep. It seemed to unreal, so sudden, that it kept her awake for several weeks in the treetop home that was formerly Foxy's. Mangle, who now with the help of 12 year old Elliot, was working for the AAL, going on adventures and making fair money at it to. Mangle had become Elliot's mother, like Foxy was his father, and the two held a close bond. Though life wasn't easy, and Foxy would never be forgotten, everyone's lives plugged on, achieving as normal lives as they could get after the events they had witnessed.

The grave robber looked upon the wooden box with a more calm face, making sure he was ready to do what he had to do. He took the battered shovel's hard steel nose, and plunged it through the front of the wooden coffin, with an anchor engraved on the top portion of it. His metal hand grabbed the sides of the massive hole, and ripped it open wider. The lightning illuminated the inside of the coffin. It held inside two swords, a slightly rusty hook, and a sea captain's coat. The thief grabbed everything, before reaching into his dirty trench coat, which at this point wasn't even doing anything, as the rain had soaked it, and mud and dirt caked to it. He grabbed a waterproof envelope from an inner pocket, and dropped it over top the broken coffin. The fox ran away swiftly, heading towards the dock, his ride waiting for him. As he made the trip to the motorboat, he took the hook and twisted it onto the empty socket on his wrist. The swords were on his belt, and the coat dry within the trench coat, a clean change for later.

**\*\*Time skip, 8 hours, Mangle's Home\*\***

The officer a stout penguin, knocked several times on the heavy wooden door, taking breaks every knock or two, exhausted from the climb up the tall tree. Mangle answered the door in a rush, getting ready to go for the day.

"Yes.", she said, sticking her head into view through the sliver of the open door.

"Uh, good morning ma'am, I'm uh, Officer Charlee, from uh, Metro. A um, grave robbery occurred at Mr. William's grave last night, and uh, the robber left this letter, addressed to you.", the rookie muttered, unsure of his words.

"What the fuck! What rat bastard do I need to fucking murder!", her angry rant started, startling the mild Officer Charlee.

"Um, uh, sorry ma'am but uh, here is the letter that uh, was left at the scene. You can down to the Emerald City Station later to uh, see everything for yourself.

"Fine.", Mangle snapped.

The officer bowed, tipping his cap, before looking at the regrettable climb down.

Mangle opened the envelope, and pulled out a piece of lined paper, covered with barely legible penmanship. The letter read:

Dear Mangle,

>I have some explaining to do, for as I write this letter, I am on route to Vienna, my next stop in my investigation. I have no time to stop at home, doing that would simply be more painful, for as soon as I came, I would have to leave. I left this letter in my own grave, after I claimed my things. These matters which I talk circles around are incredibly delicate, so I must keep close to the chest, for everybody's sake. However, know that their be truth to my words, and that I live. Bring Elliot and the other's to a place known to me as my true home in 3 days. Show this letter to a ship at the edge of the dock, and he'll take you wherever you want within 3 days. Sorry for being so vague. I will explain it all soon.<p>

Forever yours,

>The Crimson Captain<p>

\*\*Is Foxy truly alive? Well, I hoped that you enjoyed chapter 1, I am so excited to be back in the saddle with this project, I love it, and I hope that you guys will enjoy this as much as the first story. I will work hard to keep the chapters of a high caliber like this one, I am happy to be back, until next time, salutations folks.\*\*

\*\*As \*\*\*\*promised, details on the geography of the world the story takes place in. Emerald City is a small beachside town on the coast of California in the US, while Hersatrag, Foxy's birthplace is on the northern coast of Ireland, not on the coast of Northern Ireland, which is a different country. The story takes place in a world like ours, with several made up towns for story purposes. Well, know you know folks.\*\*

## 2. Northword, ho!

\*\*A/N:Hello and welcome to chapter two. The story will really take off here, with the last chapter being more or less a prologue of sorts. I don't really have much to say, and you guys probably want to read the actual story, so... here we go.\*\*

The ship's bell rung several times, soft and clear, announcing the dawn of a new morning, and the arrival of the boat at Hersatrag, a small fishing town on the northern coast of Ireland, birthplace of the fabled hero of the world, Captain Foxy Terrence Williams. When news reached town of what become of Foxy, a somber mood hung over the town for several days, sadness of the loss being replaced by pride at the young man's exploits later, however. On board the small boat was a form covered head to toe as to not be recognized. The dirty trench coat clung to his crimson fur as he walked off the ship, his head hung low as he walked the streets of the town. The fox found his way to the tavern in town, a small dirty shack that come nightfall would be packed with wasted men, overblowing their stories in a feeble attempt to get lucky with a girl.

With the hooked hand, he rapped on the door several times, until the call of the bartender, a crusty old skunk named Amyas answered. The thief pushed his way into the bar, despite protest from the skunk.

"Ya better not be tryin' anythin' funny bucko, or ya be dead in a minute flat.", Amyas hissed.

"I not be tryin' nothin' ya scurvy bastard.", the fox retorted in a low growl.

"Ya better be watchin' yur words fella", the skunk warned, cocking his trusted revolver in his backpocket, ready to shoot.

The fox removed the dirty garment plastered to himself, revealing himself to be none other than the infamous Captain Foxy.

"By great Caesar's ghost the boy lives!", Amyas erupted. With his mother as a barmaid, Foxy and the skunk were well acquainted.

"Pipe down ya lark! I be here in secret, and nobody is gonna know that I be here, or that I be livin'. I need some assistance, if I maybe so bold as to ask", Foxy started.

"Ask away be boy!", the skunk said with excitement ringing in his voice, pouring Foxy a small tumbler of whiskey and ice.

"I need to stay here a few days, I be waitin' on a few friends who may or may not show up. I be conductin' private research, and could use a place to sit and work while I wait for them, however, I can't give ya much in payment.", Foxy asked.

"Aye, ya can stay, I don't have anybody stayin' in the guest room, so ya can stay fir a few days." Amyas replied, setting the drink down in front of Foxy, who drank it in one foul swoop.

"Thank ye, and if ya don't mind, can I borrow yur lemon juice?", Foxy inquired.

"Sure, I got a shit load. Don't know how me hands got a hold a 3 bottles when I barely need 1, so go fir it.", the bar owner replied with a chuckle, getting a bottle from under the counter where the extra supplies were stored.

"Thank ye, i'll show meself to my room", Foxy said as he departed towards the stairs, grabbing a salt shaker from one of the wooden tables that surrounded the perimeter of the bar.

When Foxy got to his room, he opened up the huge pocket on the side of his trench coat, pulling out a manila envelope from within, containing all of his research. The upstairs was simple. One hall, three doors, two bedrooms on the left and right sides of the hall, a bathroom at the very end, for private use, unlike the dirty one downstairs. The bedroom much like the "house" was simple, a wooden bed with a comfy mattress in one corner, a desk and chair in the opposite, with wood matching the one used for the frame of the bed. Foxy put the envelope on the desk, before going to the sink in the bathroom to wash his trench coat in. With permission he borrowed a mahogany coat, and a pair of long black pants from Amyas, as well as a pair of boots.

Before Foxy departed from town, he took the salt and lemon juice, covering his now rusty hook with them, for it be an old pirate secret that the duo could remove rust from your swords or hooks, whatever it

may be.

Foxy departed, pulling the hood over his head, for the woods to remove a different kind of rust, the kind that comes from years of not practicing your swordsmanship. Foxy took only his own blade with him, leaving Date's in its sheath on his bed.

**\*\*Meanwhile\*\***

Mangle called Bonnie and Chica immediately telling them the contents of the letter. The excitement buzzing between both parties, Mangle and Elliot quickly packed their bags going down to the pier, taking the letter to the a moderately sized boat, the older turtle, a man named Kelvin, who should them a similar letter detailing roughly the same thing, as well as \$1,000 enclosed to guarantee that he could do it. On the way down after discussion, they decided that if it was truly indeed Foxy then the place would be Hersatrag, the small town were he was born and raised.

"Aye folks, Hersatrag be far 'way, but, I think it be in the cards for us to get there. However we will need to make a pit stop in New York along the way, to gather the extra supplies that we be needin' to make it 'cross the pond.", Kelvin reported.

"That would be great, we need to pick up a few more there anyway.", Mangle replied cheerily, and anxious to see Foxy once more, after so long.

Mangle quickly stopped by the guide to tell Freddy that she would be gone for a couple of weeks due to 'family matters', and to call Bonnie and Chica, to tell them to get to New York as soon as possible so that they could pick them up and continue on their way. They all agreed to meet up in front of the Empire State building, so that they could find each other in the huge sprawling human city.

Mangle walked down to the dock, a spring in her step.

"We be ready to part?", Kelvin asked.

"Yes sir, let us depart please", Mangle replied.

With that, the boat, the S.S. Galapagos, set sail for a small little town in Ireland, towards destiny, and an ever opening adventure

**\*\*Well folks, that's a wrap. I hope that you enjoyed this chapter. I am working hard, and I hope that you enjoy this. The plot will thicken, we will learn what secret research Foxy is working on, and a whole lot else. I hope that this is shaping up well, and until the next time you lovely people, toodles.\*\***

End  
file.